

Dummond  
16.10.1938

My dear brother,

Dear Bill, it is almost unbelievable, but now it is true, you are alive! Twelve years ago I tried everything to find you or hear from you, but in vain. You could not be found and therefore declared dead. You can imagine how my heart was beating with joy when Auguste sent me the postcard. Today I went to see her and saw your papers. Now it is reality, our brother Bill is alive! And your last words to me, before you said goodbye when you were standing at my bed came true: 'Good morning, good bye, I am coming back soon and bring you something nice.'

Now I am married and have two small cheeky children, Ingeborg and Arno. They just went to bed and are sound asleep. They always ask me, mainly Ingeborg, Arno cannot talk very well yet: 'Daddy, did you bring something?' 80% it is no, but they are easily consoled. What thoughts might pass through their little heads? They have no worries and also know that every day is not a ~~birthday~~ birthday. They still get something from father and mother!

This goodbye passed through my mind these days



Even if life and the fight for life and living is hard, with good and bad days, the memory is always nice.

Therefore, dear brother, can you imagine my happiness, how I ~~felt~~ <sup>feel</sup> when I with the certainty that my brother Bill is alive. I understand your happiness too, you always long for your home even if you have found a second home, like you. There is nothing you can do, it is in your blood and will awake sooner or later. A man has to be insane, not able to think and walk around like a living ~~body~~ dead, if he cannot find his way back to his ~~real~~ real home. And yet millions of people are doing so these days. You cannot control nature, it is cruel and beautiful.

I ~~could~~ could go on and on, but would never come to an end.

We are all well. We have our work and it is enough to live on. Wife and children are alright and we are all healthy. I am working since two <sup>(3)</sup> years ago in Bremen with "Focke-Wulf aircraft factory". I am getting 98 pennies per hour, 48 hours per week, last one overtime for the first time. I get up in the morning at 4 to 5 and come back home 1/2 past 8.

Hitz is married in Cuxhaven. He will probably write to you. Auguste will send him the news today.

<sup>71</sup>  
How often we spanked each other? Remember school, ~~what~~  
how stupid we were? But nobody can strike us today.  
Now I want to tell you that our ~~father~~ foster father  
Beckroeg and Father Kroll have been dead for several  
years. Beckroeg had married again, a widow from  
Ronnebeck with the name of Bloestein. They lived  
well together until his death. Dear brother, I am  
sending you some picture from us, but my  
husband is not on them. There is one thing I want to  
beg you to do: ask Mr. Pelke not to forget his parents.  
They had their silver anniversary the 4. Oct. They  
are thinking of their son a lot of times. They treated  
me very well. He should write to them!

Do you these papers back or do you want me to keep  
them, please let me know.



Now I want to finish so you can hear from  
me. I hope to hear from you again at least  
until Christmas. Stay healthy and take  
~~my~~ <sup>best</sup> regards

from your nieces and your

sister Auguste  
Wrote to my two brothers that you are alive!

Please write again.

Regards to Mr. Pelke.

He should not forget his old parents.